

## Children's Sermon

### A Little Girl Who Was a Foreign Missionary.

"Out of the land of Israel a little maid." 2 Kings 5:2.

The children of Israel had a great many enemies, and among the enemies were the Syrians, who lived in the country north of Israel. Very often they would come into the land of Israel and fight with the Israelites. They would take everything they could get hold of and carry it back to their own country. They would take the crops from the farm and the cattle and the sheep. In the cities they would take everything wanted from the stores and the houses. And besides this, they would take all the people that they could capture and carry them to their country and make slaves of them.

One day the Syrians captured a little girl. We do not know her name, nor the name of her father or mother. And we do not know what city she lived in. She is just called "a little maid." When they carried her to Syria the general of the army took her to his house to wait on his wife and be her slave.

One day she heard that the general, whose name was Naaman, had a dreadful disease called leprosy. This disease comes very slowly. At first it is just a red spot on the body somewhere, but it grows and grows, and, after awhile, it gets sore, and the sore grows until it kills the man who has the disease. Nobody has ever found out how to cure it.

This little girl was very sorry that her master had this terrible disease. She wanted to do something for him, but there was nothing that she could do. She remembered about the prophet in her country, whose name was Elisha, and she felt sure that he could cure him, for she had heard of some wonderful things that he had done. She knew that the prophet could not heal leprosy by giving medicine or by anything that he could do himself, but she felt sure that God would help him to cure her master, if he would go to see him.

One day she told her mistress about the prophet. And she said that she was sure the prophet would cure her master, if he would go to see him. Her mistress was very glad to know that there was somebody who could heal her husband, so she told him what the little girl said. He was a heathen and did not believe in the God of Israel, but he thought he would go to see the prophet anyway and see if he could

cure him. So he asked the king to let him go, and he told him he could go. He took with him a lot of his soldiers and servants and made the long journey to see Elisha, the prophet. Elisha could not cure him, but God cured him.

Naaman knew that his gods could not do that, so he knew that the God of Israel was a greater God than his god so he believed in Him and worshiped Him; or, as we would say today, he became a Christian.

He went back home entirely cured of his terrible disease. The little girl must have been very happy when she found that she had been able to tell him what to do to get well.

We do not know much about this little girl, but there are some things we do know. One of these is that she believed in the true God, and believed that he would help those that needed His help. And we are sure that she was a good girl, anxious to help anybody that she could help. Some little girls in her place might have said: "I am glad my master has this disease that can't be cured. It serves him right for taking me away from my father and mother and bringing me away off here to this strange country and making a slave of me." But she did not feel that way. She wanted to do all the good she could. She might have said that people would not believe what she said about her God and his prophet. But she determined she was going to try. And her trying cured her master, and made a Christian of him.

Sometimes little girls think they can't do anything for Jesus. This little girl did something, just by telling what she believed. A little girl once asked a man: "Do you love Jesus?" He said: "No." But he began to think about it, and soon gave his heart to Jesus.

This little Christian girl was not ashamed of her religion, even if she was living among heathen people.

Some people will not try to do anything for God, because they think they can't do anything big where they are. God wants us to do whatever we can, no matter where we are or how little it seems we can do.

"Shine, shine just where you are;  
Shine, shine just where you are;  
Send forth the light into the night;  
Shine for the Lord where you are."

want to you can have your things on your side!"

"All right!" came back to them from behind the flower beds, but it did not have a joyful sound.

For a long time the three worked quietly. Finally Edith and Corinne were ready for customers. "We'll have to go and tell her," whispered Edith.

Together they approached the fence.

"Oh, what a lot!" exclaimed Corinne.

"Why, it's just like a real jewelry store!" cried Edith.

"Aren't they pretty?" said Laura, smiling.

There was a large wooden box close by the "gate," and on it, in small paper boxes, lying on white and pink cotton, were the articles she had made. The blossoms of scarlet sage strung together looked almost like a coral necklace, red, rosy lips made a pretty bracelet, yellow baby roses, put together with wire answered for pins and belt buckles, while fuchsias were pretty earrings.

"Oh, thank you! I'd love to!" cried the other. "I'll run right in and ask grandma. You will have to teach me how to play it; I never did," she said, as she walked along by Edith's side.

"Oh, we're stringing snowberries for pearl necklaces and making pins out of asters, and doing things like that. When we get enough we'll ask the other children to come and buy."

"It must be fun!" and Laura Mills' face glowed with pleasure.

The bench which was now a counter for the display of jewelry, showed several necklaces.

"How pretty!" cried Laura. "Oh, I know what I'll make!" and she ran back into her grandmother's garden.

"I don't think that's very polite—to go off first thing!" said Edith, as the visitor did not return.

"Let's tell her she can have a store by herself," suggested Corinne. "Probably she won't make anything nice."

So Edith called through the fence: "If you

"Nobody will want to buy ours after seeing yours," declared Corinne.

"Oh, I think they will!" returned Laura. "But why not put them all together? I'd rather."

"Would you, really?" asked Corinne, her face growing hot, as she remembered that she had been the one to propose separate "stores."

So more shallow boxes were obtained, and the whole stock was soon in readiness for the real play to begin. Business was brisk, and Laura soon had to leave her place behind the counter in order to fashion more jewelry.

By dinner time all the children were wearing pretty ornaments, and both Corinne and Edith thought there could not be a pleasanter playmate than Laura Mills.—Montreal Star.

## Children's Letters

### A YOUNG FARMER.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a pony, two dogs and three cats. My father is a farmer and I peddle fruits and vegetables. I live three miles from town. Please print my letter as I want to surprise my father and mother.

Your unknown friend,

Staunton, Va. John S. Grasty, Jr.

Dear John: You have nice pets. I am sure. It is fine to live on a farm, isn't it? Do you ride your pony to town? H. A.

### GEORGIA MELONS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy eleven years old. I go to church every Sunday I can. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hammond. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I have a little flower garden, and an acre of watermelons. Hope to have some in a week. Please don't forget my letter.

Your unknown friend,

Cartersville, Ga. Calhoun Morgan.

Dear Calhoun: You are a great farmer; and I am sure you will enjoy those watermelons. I hope you will have a fine crop. H. A.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I live on Prospect Hill, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Hick's mother, takes your paper. I enjoy reading the children's letters. I go to the Baptist Sunday school, but I am learning the children's catechism, and know most to the Ten Commandments. I am going to get a Testament. I have learned the Commandments. I hope to see my letter in your paper. I will let you know when I get my Testament.

Your little friend,

Fincastle, Va. Bettie Bradshaw.

Dear Bettie and Violet: We are glad to know that our little friends read our letters. We hope you will get the Testaments soon. H. A.

### A HARD QUESTION.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl seven years old. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I will ask a question: What king went into battle and had his thumbs and great toes cut off? My sister has 15 little guineas. I have been reading the Presbyterian ever since I can remember.

Your friend,

Gertrude Fulton Price.

Dear Gertrude: We are all glad to have your letter, and hope you will read the Presbyterian for many more years than you can remember now. Watch for the answer to your question. I expect somebody will have to work hard to find it. H. A.